

Feet Tired---
So Tired?TIZ Makes Sick Feet Well No Matter
What Ails Them.

TIZ acts at once and makes tired, aching, swollen feet remarkably fresh and more graceful.

It's the sure remedy, you know, for everything that gets the matter with your feet. It's for sore feet and for chafing, bad-smelling feet, and for corns, callouses and bunions, too.

"For years I have been troubled with sore and tender feet; suffered intense pains. Have had the assistance of physicians without relief. I bought a box of TIZ, which worked a perfect cure, as it has with a great many of my friends. I would not be without it. All it requires is to be known to be universal." A. F. Dreutzer, Chicago.

TIZ is not a powder. Powders and other foot remedies clog up the pores. TIZ draws out all poisonous exudations which bring on soreness of the feet, and is the only remedy that does. TIZ cleans out every pore and glorifies the feet—your feet.

You'll never limp again or draw up your face in pain, and you'll forget about your corns, bunions and callouses. You'll feel like a new person.

TIZ is for sale by all druggists, 25 cents per box, or it will be sent you direct. If you wish, from Walter Luthier, Dodge & Co., Chicago, Ill. Recommended and sold by Knablauch Drug Co., Inc.

THE WEATHER.

Forecast.
For El Paso and vicinity—Tonight and Wednesday part cloudy weather.

For New Mexico—Local showers tonight and Wednesday, except fair south-west portion; cooler east portion.

For west Texas—Tonight and Wednesday partly cloudy weather.

Temperature.
Highest temperature at El Paso last 24 hours, 84 degrees; lowest last 12 hours, 67 degrees. (Temperature taken at 6 a. m. Tuesday.)

Coudercraft, N. M., July 12 (9 a. m.)—Weather for the next 24 hours: Partly cloudy; calm. Maximum temperature, 69; minimum, 42. Precipitation a trace.

PROGRAM FOR THE
MUNICIPAL CONCERT

For the concert by Municipal band, Tuesday night at 7:30 in Cleveland square, following is the program:

- 1—March: "The Fighting Hope" Moore
- 2—Overture: "Semiramide" Rossini
- 3—Waltzes: "Loveland" Holmann
- 4—Grand selection from the opera: "Freischütz" Weber
- 5—Gavotte: "Trixie" Brooks
- 6—Excerpts from "Romeo and Juliet" Gounod
- 7—Overture: "Light Cavalry" Von Suppe

Star Spangled Banner.
John B. Kindig, Conductor.

Protect Yourself!
Get the Original and GenuineHORLICK'S
MALTED MILK

The Food-drink for All Ages.

For infants, invalids, and growing children Pure Nutrition, upbuilding the whole body Invigorates the nursing mother and the aged

Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form A quick lunch prepared in a minute. Take no substitute. Ask for HORLICK'S In No Gombine or Trus

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A Story Of
Graustark

Truxton King

By George Barr
McCutcheon

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SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTER.

Truxton King, an American millionaire's son, tired of the humdrum life and sets out to have some adventures. He reaches the kingdom of Graustark.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Nerves, my dear countess—shadows! You'll be over it as soon as we are outside."

Ten minutes later the cavalcade started down the rain swept road toward the city, dry blankets having been placed across the saddles occupied by the ladies and the prince. The witch stood in her doorway, laughing gleefully, inviting them to come often.

"Come again, your highness!" she croaked sarcastically.

"The next time I come it will be with a torch to burn you alive!" shouted back Dangloss. To Tullis he added: "Gad, sir, they did well to burn witches in your town of Salem. You cleared the country of them—the pests!"

Down through the lowering shades rode the prince's party swiftly, even gaily by virtue of relaxation from the strain of a weird half hour. No one revealed the slightest sign of apprehension arising from the mysterious demonstration in which nature had taken a hand.

Truxton King, for reasons best known to himself, soon relapsed into a thoughtful, contemplative silence. Between us, he was sorely vexed and disappointed. When the gallant start was made from the glen of "dead men's bones" he found that he was to be cast utterly aside, quite completely ignored by the fair Lorraine. She rode off with

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"I hadn't thought much about it. Is she in love with him?"

"She sees a great deal of him," was the diplomatic answer.

"Would you mind telling me just who she is, baron?"

Dangloss was truly startled.

"Do you mean, sir, that you don't know her?" he asked, almost harshly.

"I don't know her name."

"And you had the effrontery to—My excellent friend, you amaze me! I know that Americans are bold; but, by gad, sir, I've always looked upon them as gentlemen. You—"

"Hold on, Baron Dangloss!" interrupted Truxton, very red in the face.

"You'd better hear my side of the story first. She went to school with my sister. She knows me, but refuses to tell me who she is."

"Well, my boy, if she elects to keep you in the dark concerning her name it is not for me to betray her. Ladies in her position, I dare say, enjoy these little mysteries."

It was dusk when they entered the northern gates. Above the castle King said goodbye to Tullis and the countess, gravely saluted the sleepy prince and followed Mr. Hobbs off to the heart of the city. He was not with resentment.

Either she had forgotten to say goodbye to him or had willfully decided to ignore him altogether. At any rate, she entered the gates to the castle grounds without so much as an indifferent glance in his direction.

Truxton knew in advance that he was to have a sleepless, unhappy night.

In his room at the hotel he found the second anonymous letter, unquestionably from the same source, but this time printed in crude, stilted letters. It had been stuck under the door.

"Leave the city at once. You are in great danger. Save yourself."

This time he did not laugh. That it was from Olga Piatanova he had no doubt. But why she should interest herself so persistently in his welfare was quite beyond him. And what, after all, could she mean by "great danger—save yourself?"

He indulged in a long spell of thoughtfulness. "No, by George, I'll not turn tail at the first sign of danger. I'll stay here and assist Dangloss in unraveling this matter. And I'll go up to that witch's hole before I'm a day older to have it out with her. I'll find out where the smoke came from, and I'll know where that thin stream of smoke, rather black than blue, arising from the little chimney at the rear of the cabin. His eyes

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"I want to go through that kitchen, just to satisfy myself of one or two things." King was looking hard at the crack in the kitchen door. Suddenly he started as if shot.

The staring, burning eye was again looking straight at him from the jagged crack in the door!

"I'll get you this time!" he shouted, crossing the room in two eager leaps. The door in his violent clutch swung open with a bang.

The owner of that mocking, phantom eye was gone!

Like a frantic dog, Truxton dashed about the little kitchen, looking in every corner, every crack, for signs of the thing he chased. The old woman was standing in the middle of the outer room, grinning at him with genuine malevolence.

"Ha, ha!" she croaked. "You fool! You fool! Search! Smell him out! All the good it will do you! Ha, ha!"

"By gad, I will get at the bottom of this!" shouted Truxton, stubborn rage possessing him. "There's some one here, and I know it. I'm not such a fool as to believe—Say! What's that?"

The calling! By the eternal, that scragging noise explains it! There's where the secret trapdoor is—in the ceiling! Within arm's reach, at that! Watch me, old woman!"

The bag was standing in the kitchen door now, still grinning evilly. She watched the eager young man pound upon the low ceiling with a three legged stool that he had seized from the floor.

He was pounding vigorously on the roughly boarded ceiling when the sharp voice of the old woman, raised in command, caused him to lower the stool and turn upon her with gleaming, triumphant eyes. The look he saw in her face was sufficient to check his enterprise for the moment. He dropped the stool and started toward her, his arms extended to catch her swaying form. The look of the dying was in her eyes. She seemed to be crumpling before him.